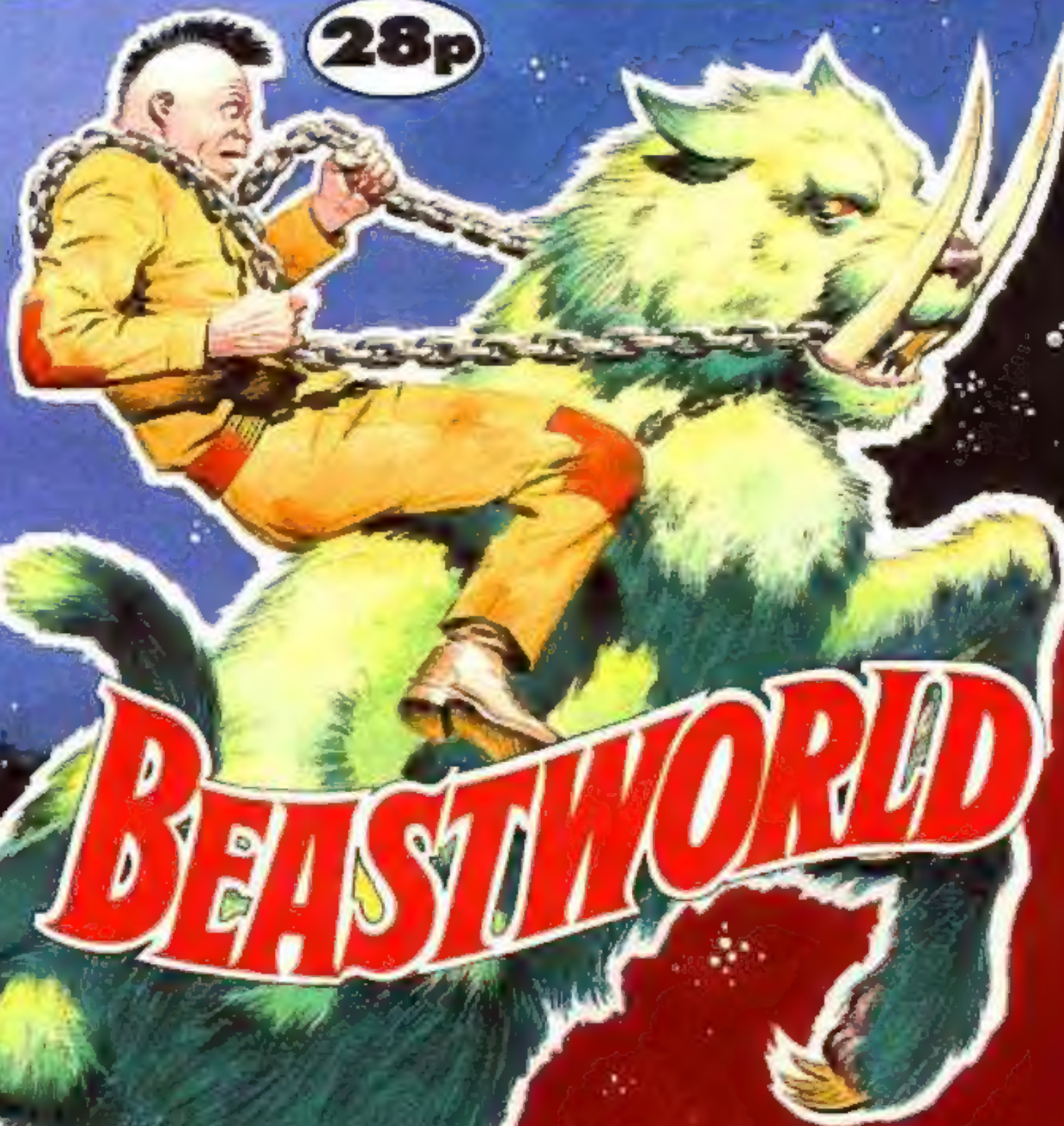


STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 221

28p



BEASTWORLD

We at "Starblazer" want to bring you the very best in Fantasy Fiction. To do that we need your help.

So that we can produce the kind of stories you want to read, please fill in the questionnaire on this page and send it to "Starblazer", D. C. Thomson & Co. Ltd., 185 Fleet Street, London EC4A 2HS.

If you don't want to cut your issue of "Starblazer", you can copy the questionnaire onto a sheet of paper.

And there's a chance to win a full-colour print of one of our new-style wraparound covers!

The senders of the ten letters which we judge to be the most informative will each receive one of the prints. We want to hear from you NOW!

Name **Age**

Address

What kind of science fiction do you most enjoy?
Please tick appropriate boxes.
If you dislike any type of story, place a cross in the box.

SUPERHEROES	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	FANTASY			
DUNGEONS			SWORD AND			
AND DRAGONS	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	SORCERY			
			POST	<input type="checkbox"/>	HORROR	
			HOLOCAUST	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	STAR WARS
			ADVENTURE	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	DR. WHO
			HUMOUR	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	MYSTERY

Where do you normally buy your STARBLAZER? _____

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Which is your favourite character? _____

Which is your favourite science fiction movie? _____

Have you any comments to make about STARBLAZER... good or bad? _____

BEASTWORLD

GALACTIC STANDARD DATE-TIME 919000-64 — FEDERATION PATROL OFFICERS GROK AND ZERO WERE OBLIGED TO RETURN TO QUADRANT TEN STATION, WHERE GROK FOUND HIMSELF FACING SERIOUS CHARGES...

THE VERDICT OF THIS COURT-MARTIAL IS THAT OFFICER GRINDZOG GROK IS GUILTY ON ALL COUNTS...





THEN HOW ABOUT SOME
SIGN LANGUAGE, THEN.



RESTRAIN THE PRISONER!

SIR, LET ME TALK
TO MY PARTNER.



GROK, OLD BUDDY, LET'S BE
SENSIBLE AND NOT MAKE
THINGS ANY WORSE FOR
OURSELVES.

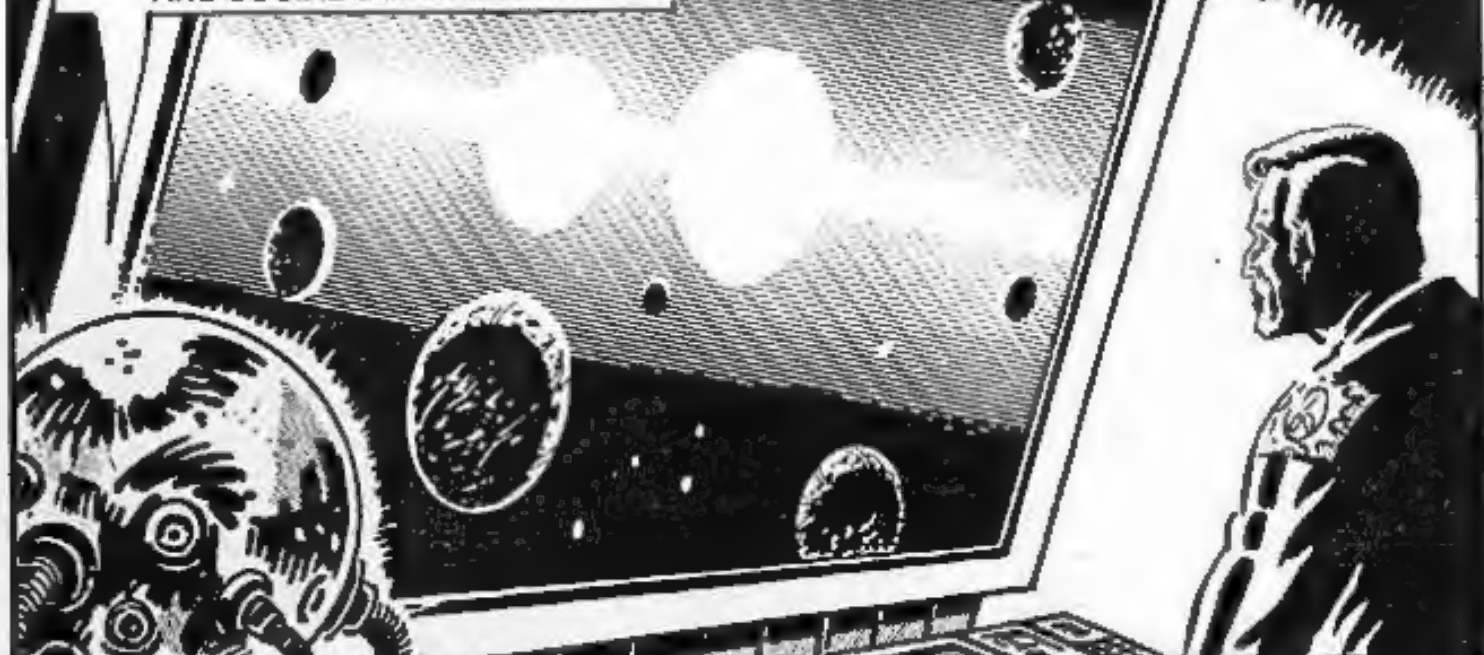


OFFICER ZERO, I AM
TOUCHED — THOUGH
MAYBE NOT QUITE AS
TOUCHED AS YOU ARE.





SENTENCE IS AUTOMATIC — EXILE TO THE PENAL COLONY ON TANNADIZE 4! THE PLANET THAT HAS COME TO BE KNOWN AS ENDOFF, A SHORTENED VERSION FOR 'END OF THE LINE', AN OPEN COLONY LACKING GUARDS AND IN WHICH THE INHABITANTS MUST ORDER THEIR OWN ECONOMY AND SOCIAL GROUPING...



SATELLITE SCAN SHOWS THE SYSTEM TO OPERATE MODERATELY WELL APART FROM THE OCCASIONAL VIOLENT INTERLUDE...





ENDOFF IS IN OUR PRESENT PATROL AREA, THIS UNIT BEING RESPONSIBLE FOR ENFORCING THE BLOCKADE AGAINST APPROACH BY HYPERSPACE OR ION-DRIVE INTRUDERS.

HUM! MIGHT BE ABLE TO FIND A WAY TO KEEP AN EYE ON OLD GROK — IF I DON'T GET PUSHED ONTO ANOTHER PATCH.

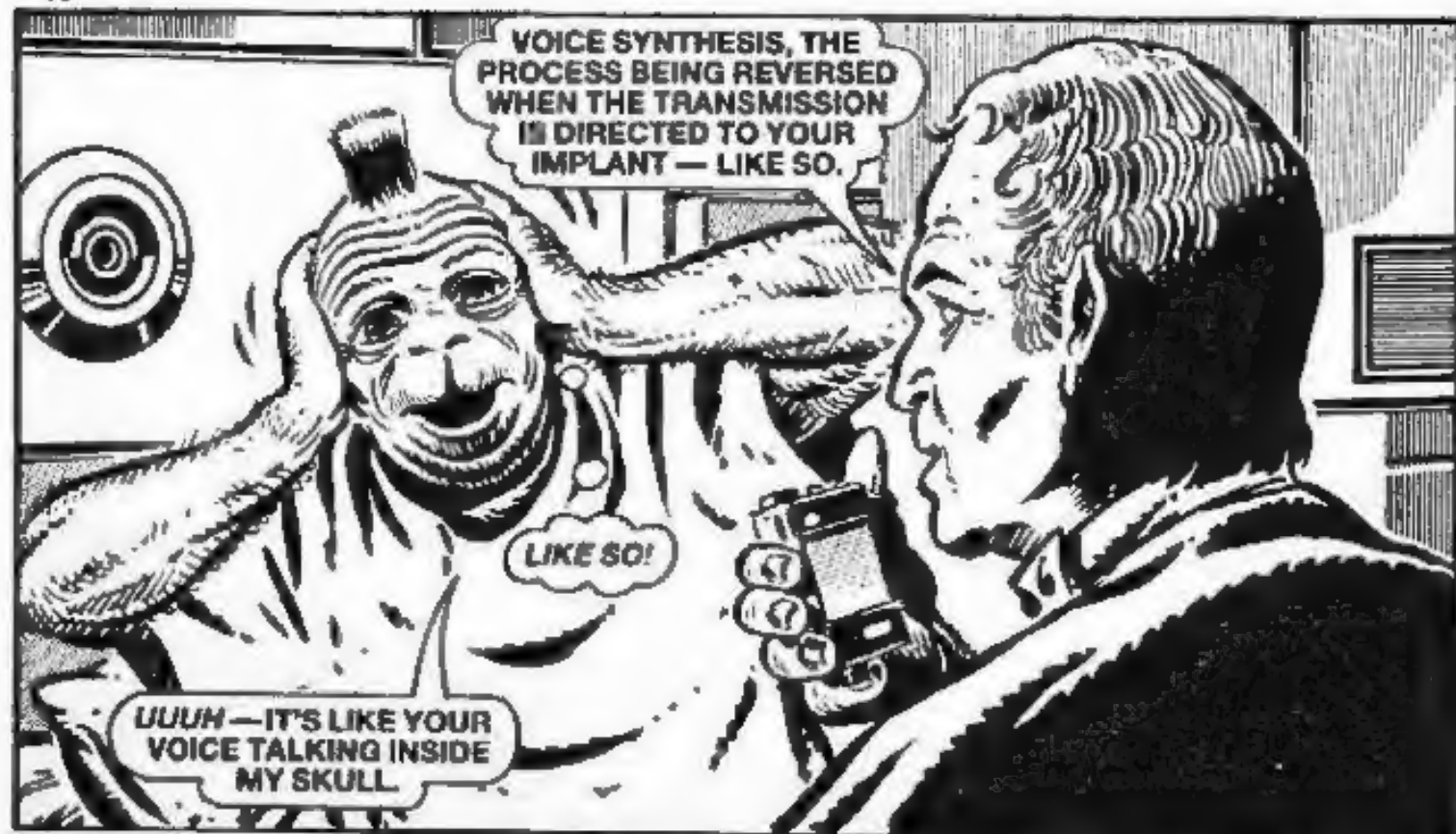
GROK AWOKES...

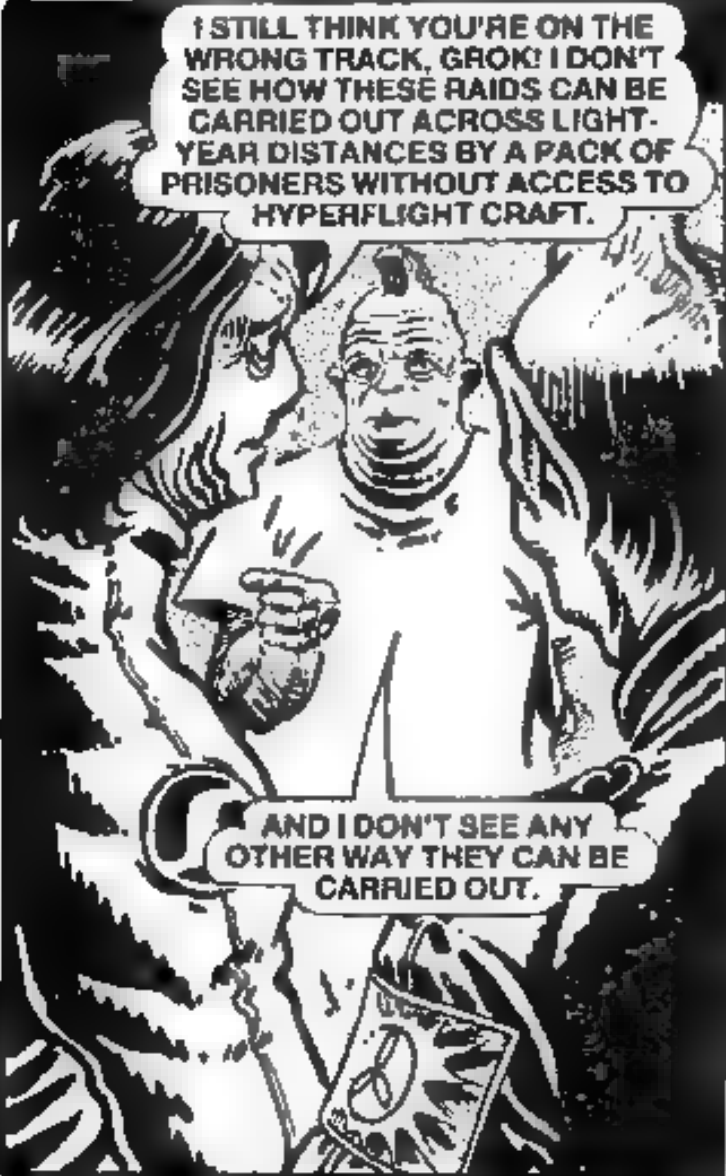
WUWUH! MY HEAD ACHES —

THAT SHOULD EASE AS THE IMPLANT ADJUSTS TO YOUR BRAIN PATTERN. TRANSMISSION IS ACTIVATED BY A NEW WART WHICH YOU WILL DISCOVER BEHIND YOUR LEFT EAR.

AH, YES — I HAVE IT.


I HAVE IT.






I STILL THINK YOU'RE ON THE
WRONG TRACK, GROK! I DON'T
SEE HOW THESE RAIDS CAN BE
CARRIED OUT ACROSS LIGHT-
YEAR DISTANCES BY A PACK OF
PRISONERS WITHOUT ACCESS TO
HYPERFLIGHT CRAFT.

AND I DON'T SEE ANY
OTHER WAY THEY CAN BE
CARRIED OUT.



THEN WE ARE DECIDED —
GROK GOES IN. BACK-UP
WILL BE SERGEANT SLAK
HANGING ABOUT IN THE
TANNADIZE SYSTEM ON
WHAT WILL PURPORT TO BE
A TOUR OF INSPECTION.

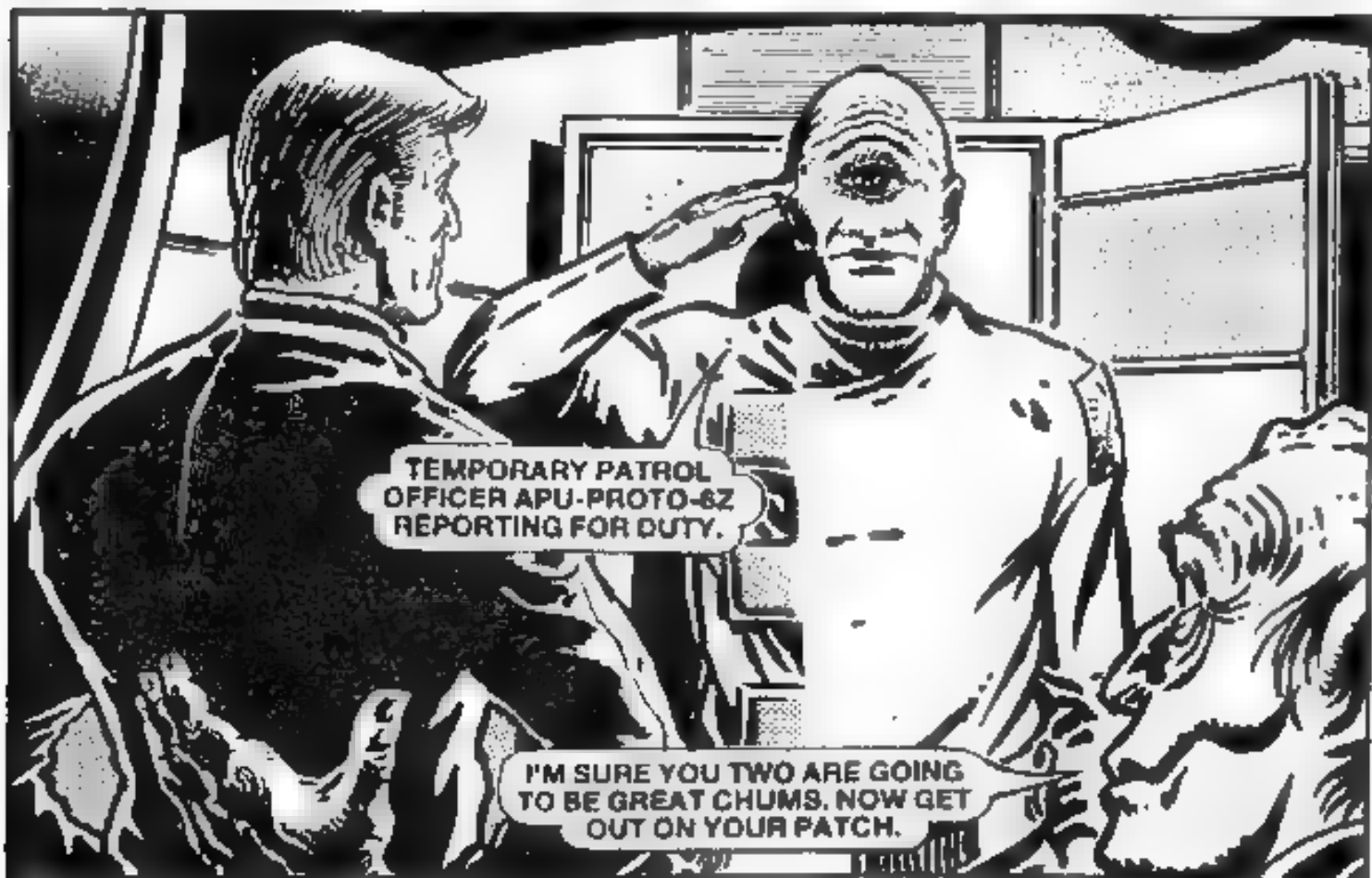
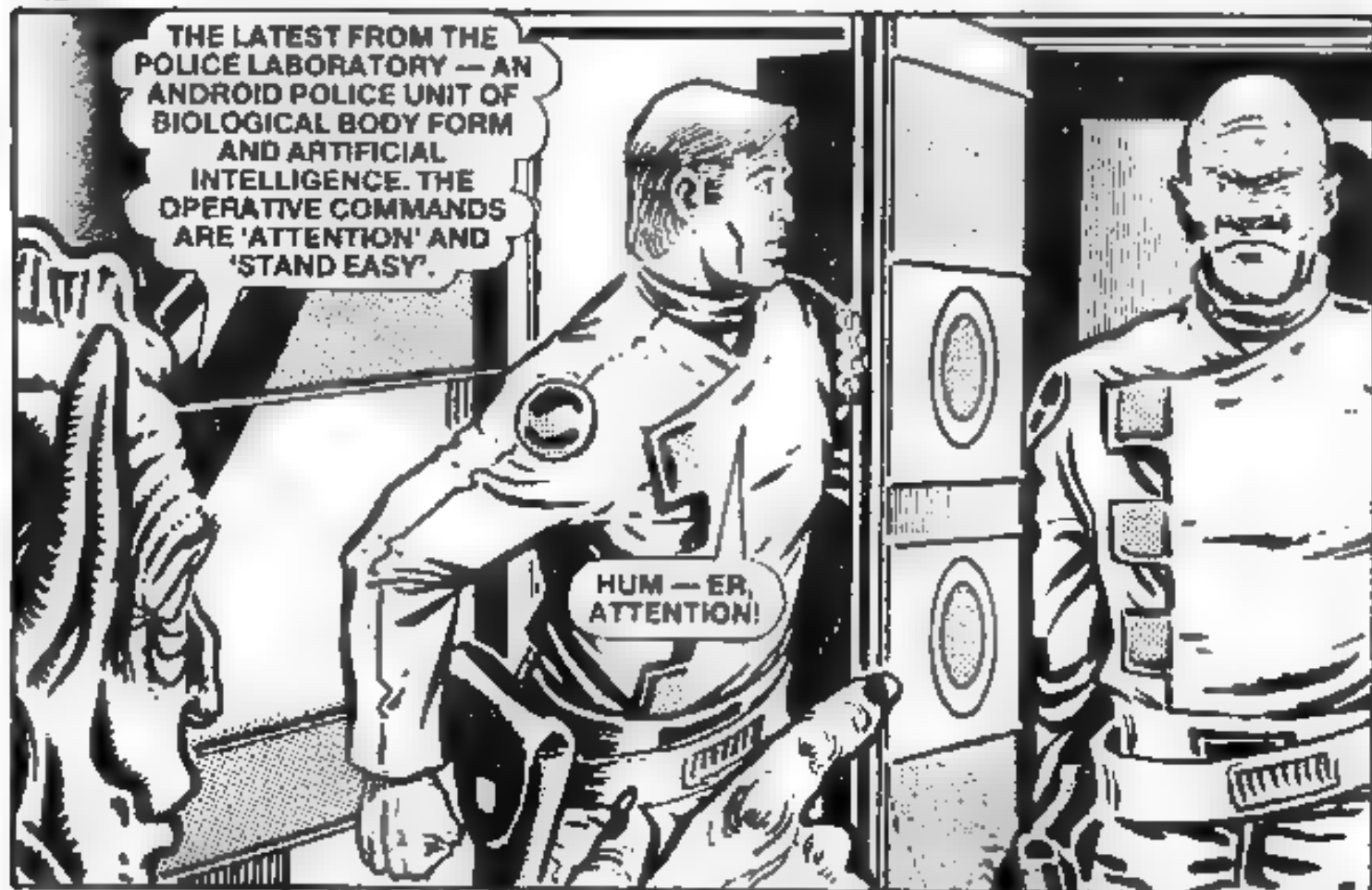
ZERO WAS SUMMONED BEFORE
THE SUPERINTENDENT ...

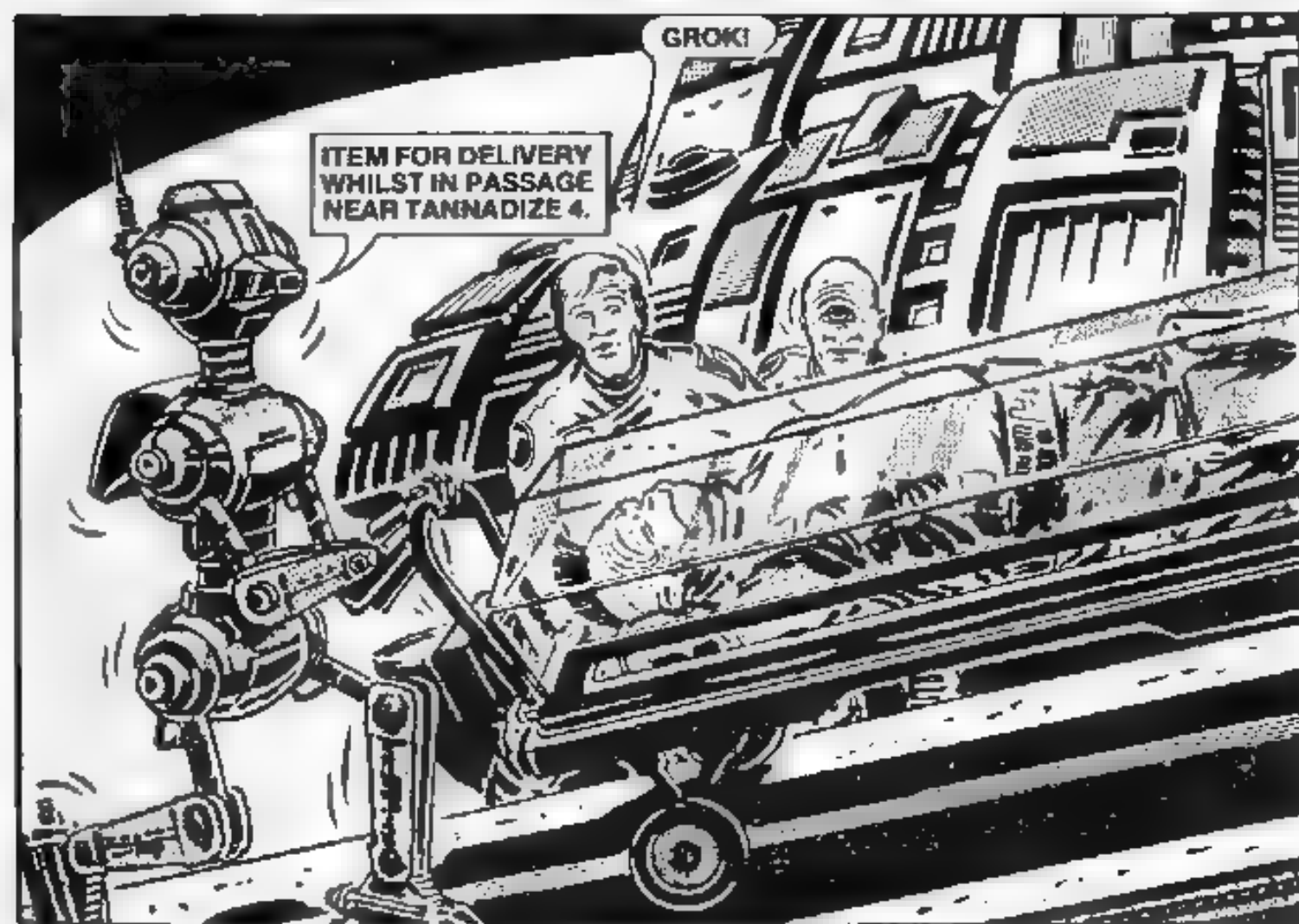


YOU ARE PROMOTED TO SENIOR
PATROL OFFICER ON PROBATION
FOR ONE YEAR. YOUR NEW
PARTNER IS IN THE LOCKER
BEHIND YOU.

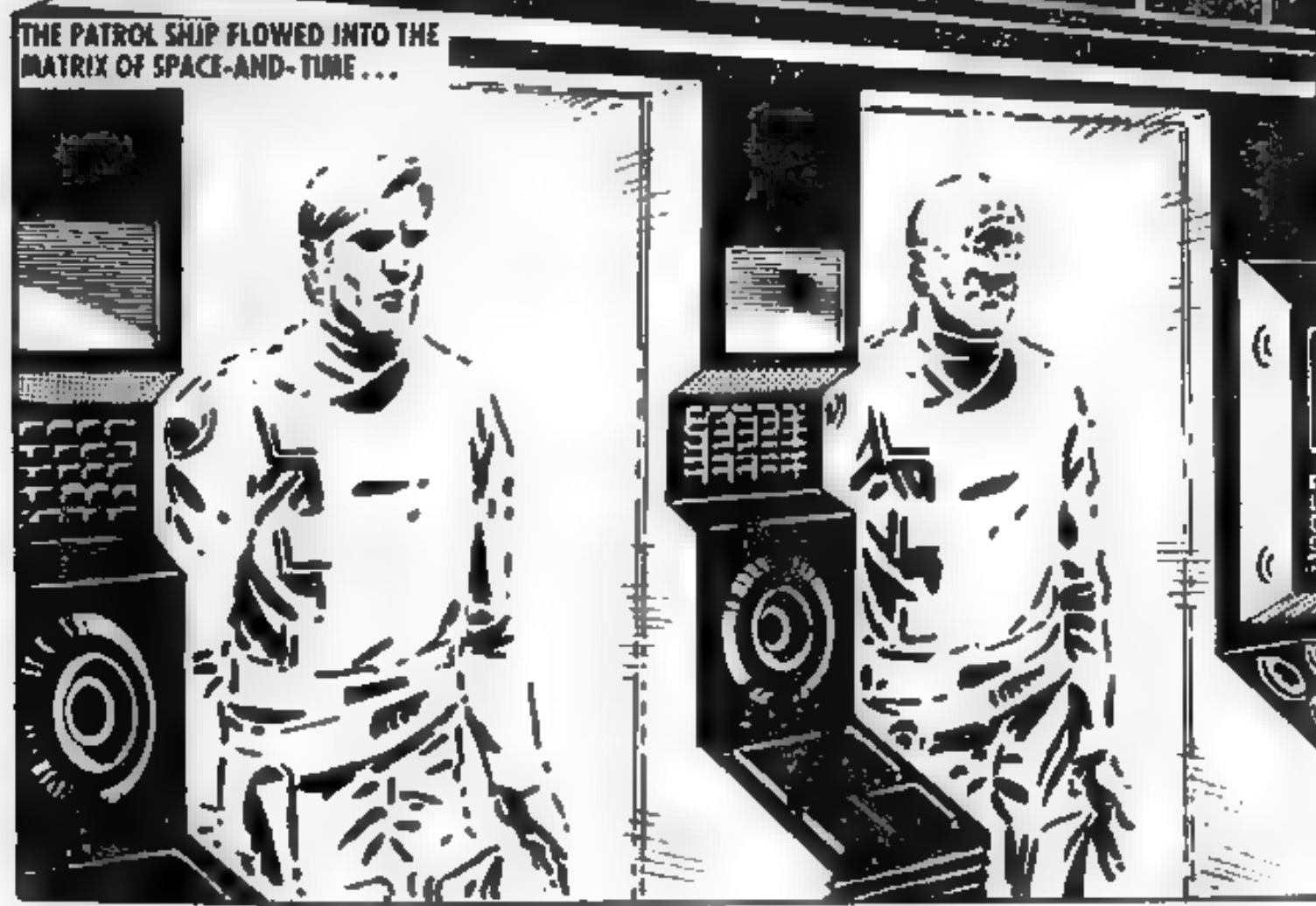
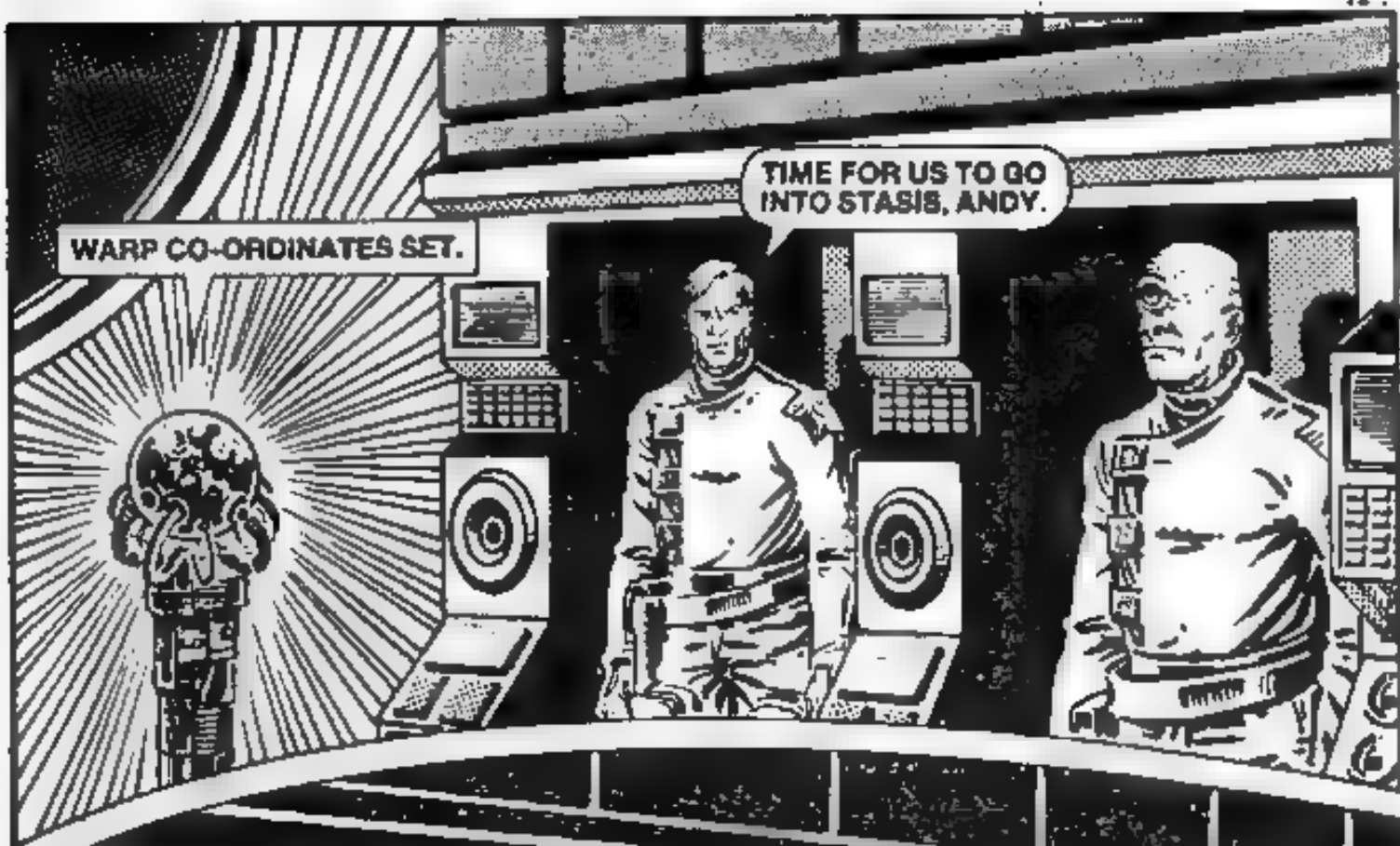


HUH!









... AND OUT ...

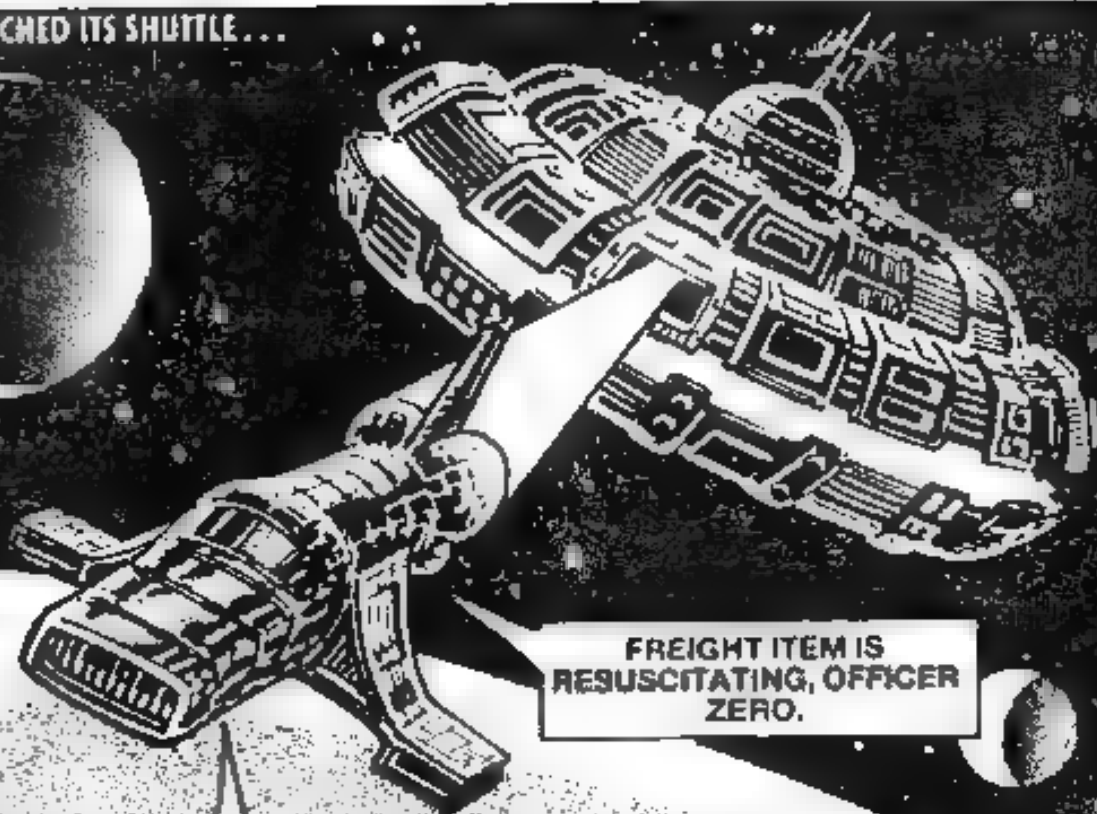
TANNADIZE! VESSEL
ASSUMING ORBIT ON
FOURTH PLANET. I SAY
AGAIN —

I HEAR YOU, SHIP. I'M
AWAKE NOW. TRY ENDOFF
WITH A COMBEAM.

TEEWOL GREEBUL, MAYOR OF
OUR FAIR COMMUNITY BY
OVERWHELMING MAJORITY AT
OUR LAST ELECTION — AT YOUR
SERVICE, OFFICERS.

WE'RE BRINGING YOU A NEW
VOTER, MISTER MAYOR. KINDLY
ARRANGE COLLECTION AT THE
LANDING FIELD.

THE PATROLLER LAUNCHED ITS SHUTTLE...




FREIGHT ITEM IS
RESUSCITATING, OFFICER
ZERO.

LEAVE HIM CLOSED UP. OLD
GROK CAN BE PEEVISH
WHEN SUDDENLY
AWAKENED.

HI, PARTNER!
GUESS WHO?

ZERO — OH, NO! IS THERE
NO GETTING AWAY FROM
THAT CAPELLAN NITWIT?





WELCOME TO ENDOFF, ALSO
KNOWN AS BEASTWORLD. WE
RUN A FREE AND EASY
SOCIETY, BUT THERE ARE
CERTAIN GROUND RULES
WHICH IT'S AS WELL TO
IMPRESS ON YOU FROM THE
START.

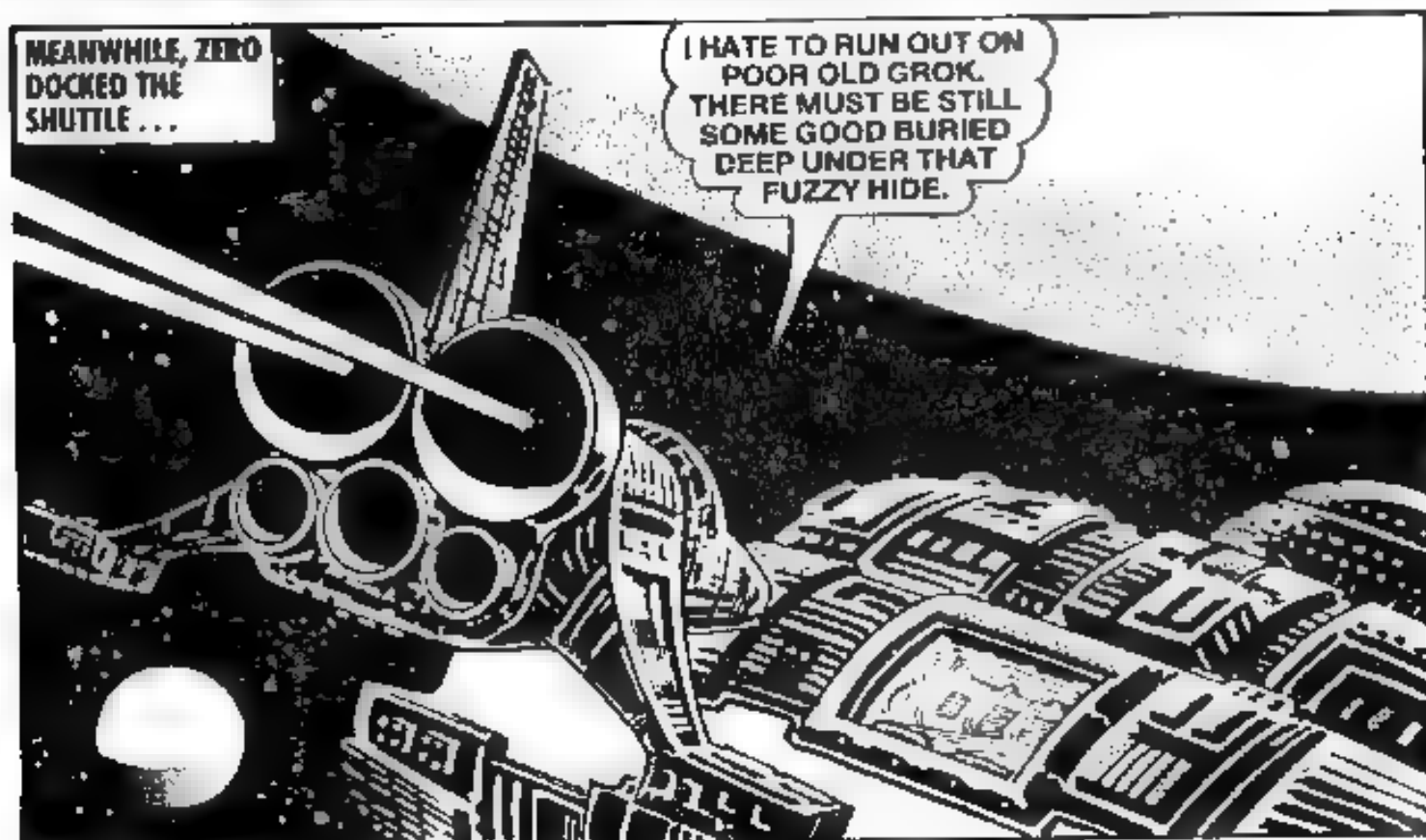
THAT SOUNDS
REASONABLE.

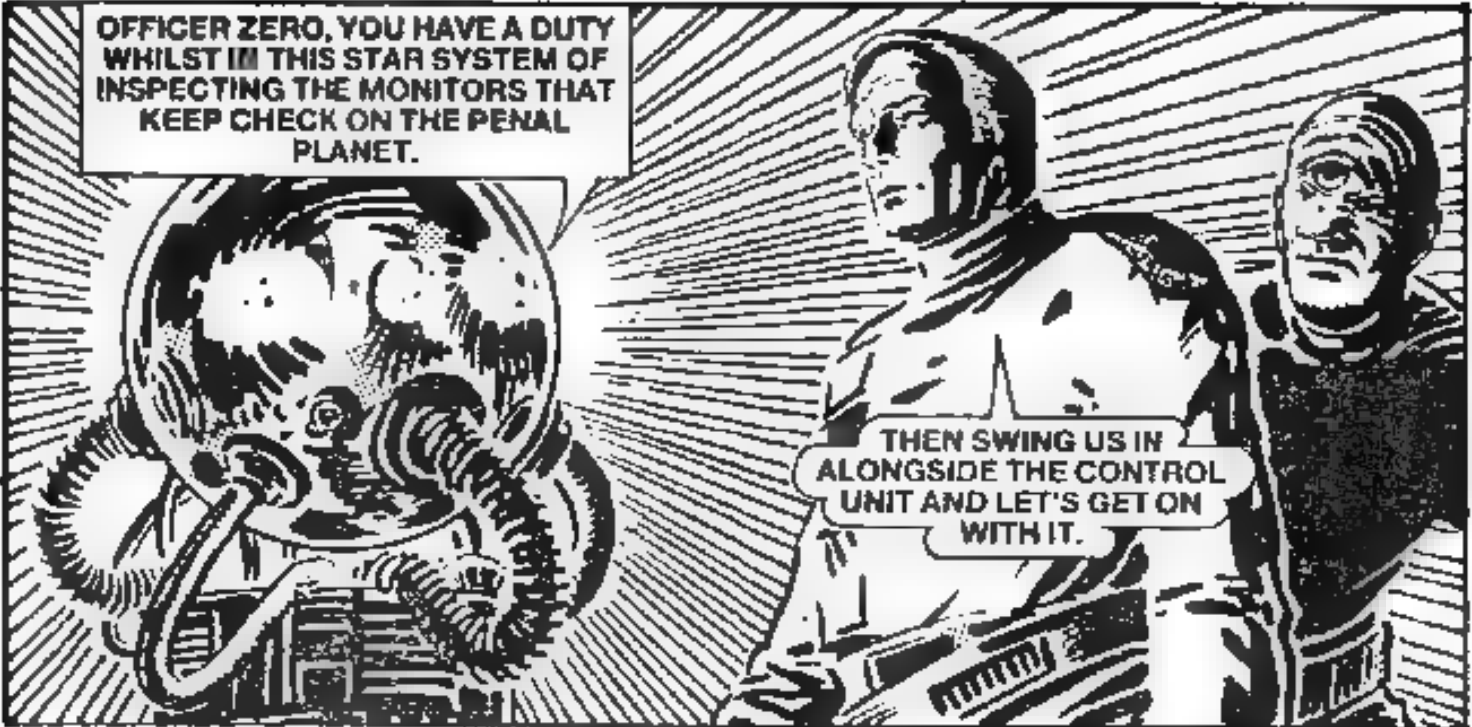
GROX WAS SEIZED ...

COMMENCE THE
IMPRESSING, BOYS.

YESSIR,
MISTER MAYOR.







OFFICER ZERO, YOU HAVE A DUTY
WHILST IN THIS STAR SYSTEM OF
INSPECTING THE MONITORS THAT
KEEP CHECK ON THE PENAL
PLANET.

THEN SWING US IN
ALONGSIDE THE CONTROL
UNIT AND LET'S GET ON
WITH IT.



WHAT'S THIS?

YOUR DAILY INTAKE OF
NUTRIENT AND FIBRE, SIR.
NOW PARDON ME IF I
SWITCH OFF MY A-I UNIT TO
PREVENT WASTAGE OF
ENERGY TILL RECALLED TO
DUTY.



GROK ARRIVED IN ENDOFF CITY ...



AT THE LOCAL YOUTH CLUB —

ONE ENDOFF CEREBRAL-SIZZLER
FOR OUR NEW FRIEND.

COMING RIGHT UP,
MISTER MAYOR.





GROK SLID INTO
NARCOTISED STUPOR ...

HE'S ALL
YOURS FOR
QUESTIONING,
DOC ...


INTERROGATION ...
JUST AS WELL I HAD
THAT MENTAL
CONDITIONING ...

LATER ...



YOU ARE PROUD TO BE IN THE
FEDERATION POLICE.

NO — I HATE THEM ... FIFTY
STANDARD YEARS OF
GOOD SERVICE AND I'M
DISGRACED JUST FOR
TAKING A FEW PERKS TO
HELP OUT MY PENSION
FUND ... URM, HATE 'EM ...



BOSS, LOOKS LIKE WE'VE
GOT US A BENT AND SOUR
COP.

WHO HAPPENS TO BE A TOP
ASTROPILOT. RUN HIM THROUGH
THE SURVIVAL PHASE.

GROE CAME ROUND...


I'M TRAVELLING... I'M CHAINED.



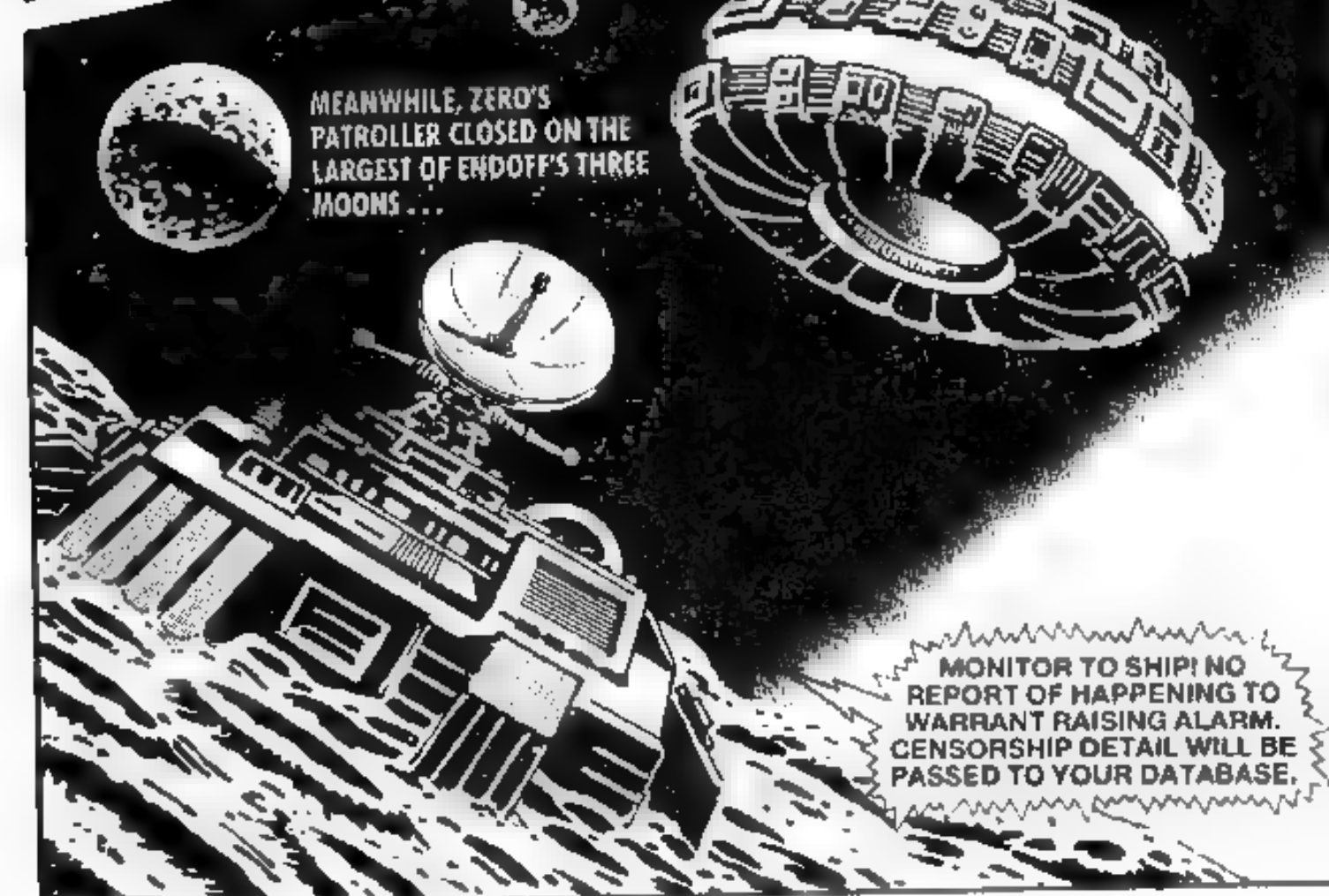
WELCOME TO BEASTWORLD.







AH... NOW I
KNOW WHY
THEY CALL IT
BEASTWORLD.



MEANWHILE, ZERO'S
PATROLLER CLOSED ON THE
LARGEST OF ENDOFF'S THREE
MOONS...

MONITOR TO SHIP! NO
REPORT OF HAPPENING TO
WARRANT RAISING ALARM.
CENSORSHIP DETAIL WILL BE
PASSED TO YOUR DATABASE.

INFORMATION
EXCHANGE
COMPLETE. ONE
FURTHER ITEM. I
HAVE INCOMING
WEAK
TRANSMISSION ON
RESTRICTED
POLICE
FREQUENCY.

PATCH IT
THROUGH.


GROK ATTEMPTING
CONTACT. ALL WELL APART
FROM A PROBLEM WITH
UNFRIENDLY FAUNA.

GROK! HE'S FOUND A
WAY OF REACHING ME.

ZERO'S RESPONSE ECHOED
IN GROK'S HEAD —

I'M SURE YOU'LL SOON
MAKE FRIENDS, OLD
PARTNER.

HUHI! WHO'S THAT?

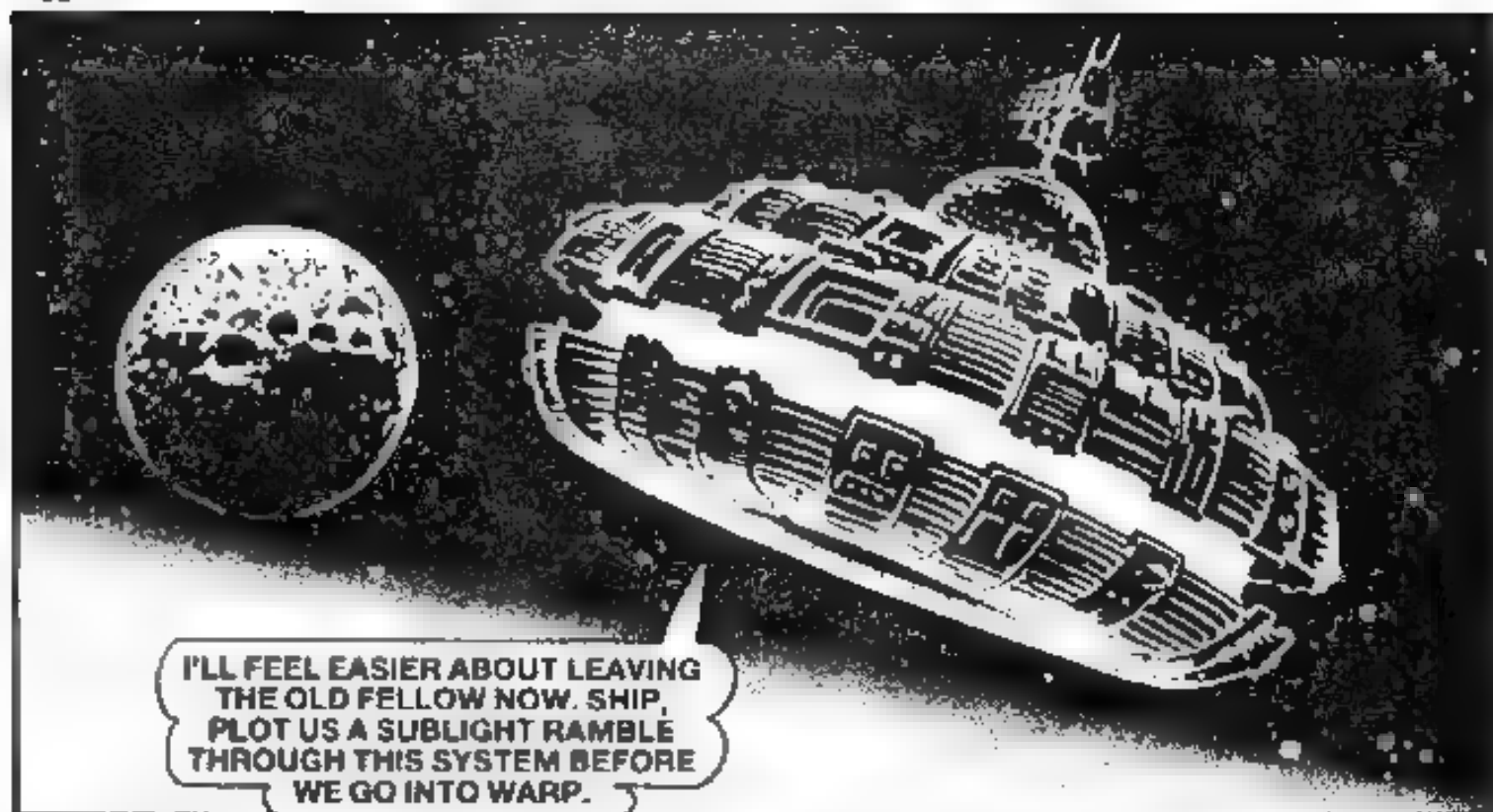


ZERO! GET OFF MY
RADIO-BEAM YOU
CAPELLAN LAME-
BRAIN.

IF YOU INSIST,
OLD PARTNER —

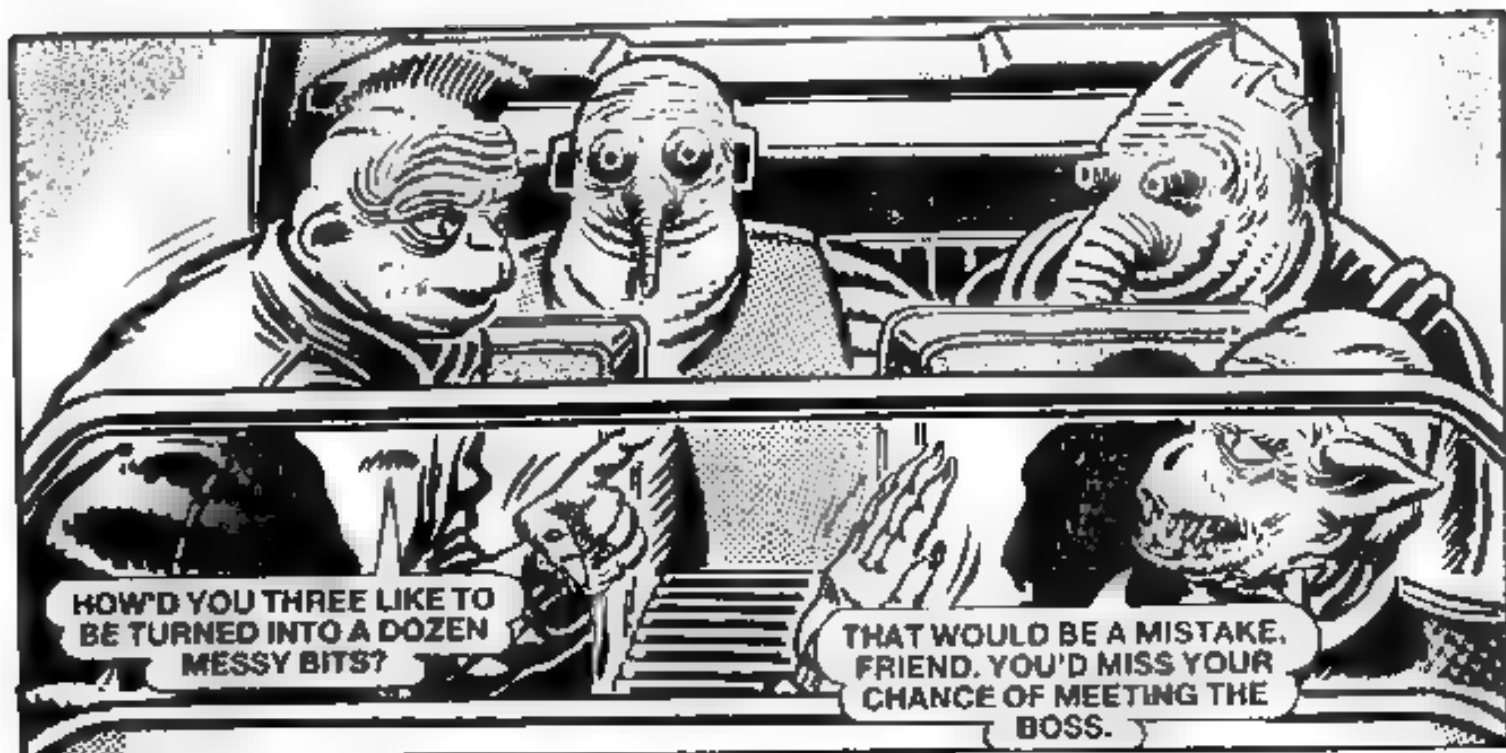


BYE-BYE FOR NOW, GROK.
NICE TO KNOW YOU ARE
SETTLING IN.



GROK WAS UNDER OBSERVATION ...





HOW'D YOU THREE LIKE TO
BE TURNED INTO A DOZEN
MESSY BITS?

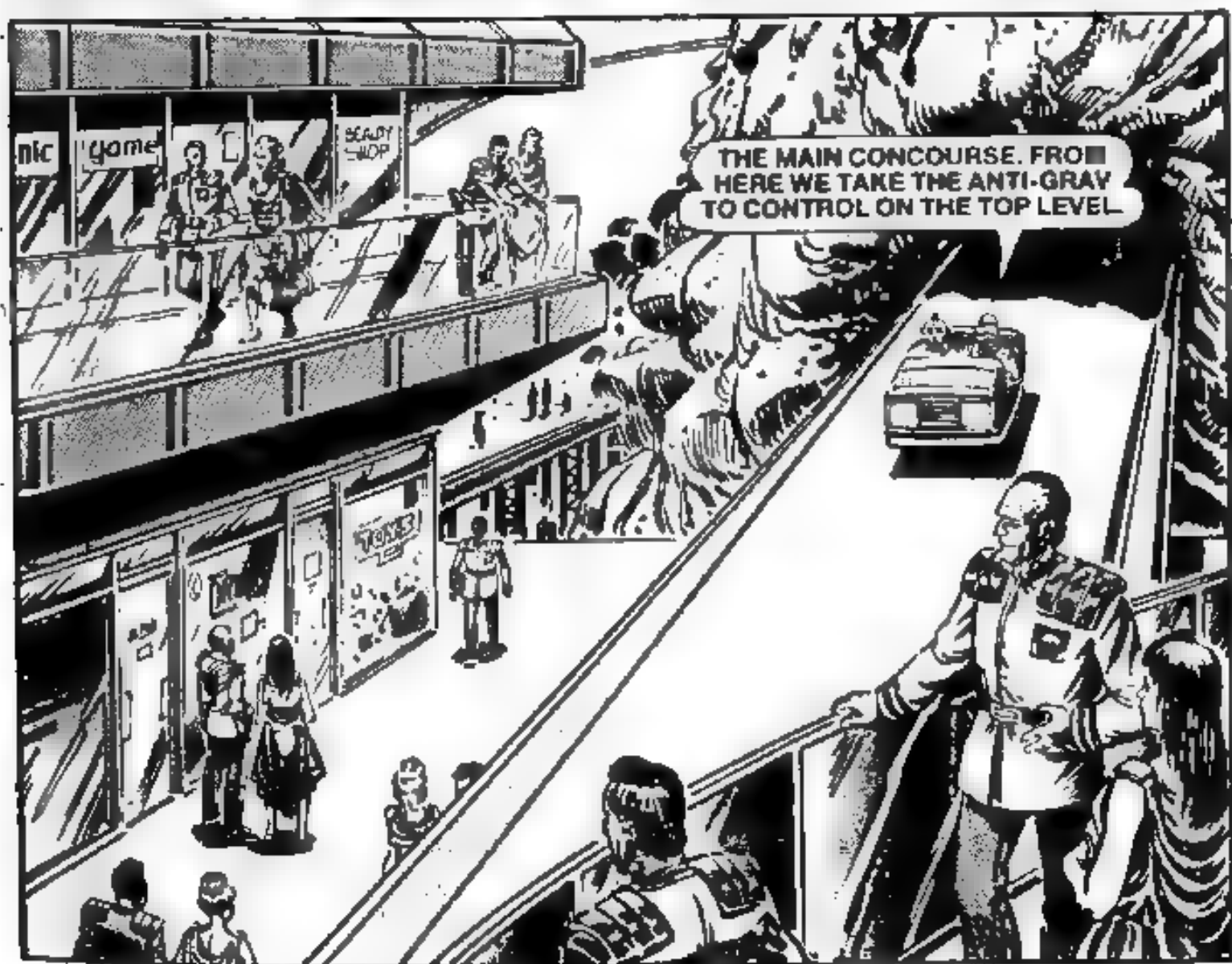
THAT WOULD BE A MISTAKE,
FRIEND. YOU'D MISS YOUR
CHANCE OF MEETING THE
BOSS.


GROK OPTED FOR THE LIFT . . .



DESTINATION APPEARS TO
BE AN EXTINCT VOLCANO.
BETTER NOT TRANSMIT
WITH THAT IDIOT ZERO
BLEATHERING ON MY
CHANNEL.








I'M LEARNING A LOT, BUT
TRANSMISSION IS
IMPOSSIBLE WITH MY BEAM
MASKED BY A MOUND OF
LAVA.

A black and white comic panel showing two figures in a corridor. The figure in the foreground is wearing a dark, bulky suit with a mask that has a large, rounded protrusion on top, resembling a mound of lava. The figure in the background is wearing a similar suit but with a more standard helmet. They are standing on a reflective floor.



OFFICER GROK. ALL YOU
NEED TO KNOW ABOUT ME IS I
AM THE BOSS. NORMALLY I
HAVE NO USE FOR EX-COPS,
BUT MY FLEET COULD DO
WITH ANOTHER PILOT.

A large black and white comic panel of a man, Officer Grok, in a cockpit. He is wearing a flight suit with a circular emblem on the chest and a belt with a large buckle. He has a stern expression and is looking towards the left. The cockpit has various instruments and controls visible in the background.




YOUR FLEET!

A black and white comic panel showing a close-up of a character's head. The character has a large, rounded head with a prominent, spiky crest or fin on top. They are looking towards the right with a determined expression. The background is dark and indistinct.



A ONE SHIP FLEET AT THE MOMENT.
I SUPPOSE YOU ARE WONDERING
HOW IT COMES TO BE ON A
MONITORED PLANET.



NOT WHEN I SEE IT'S AN OLD GC6
POLICE PATROLLER, BOSS. THE
MONITOR UNITS WILL HAVE BEEN
PROGRAMMED TO IGNORE AN ION-
DRIVE WITH THAT PARTICULAR
PATTERN.

I CAN SEE YOU'RE GOING
TO BE REAL USEFUL, GROK.
IT'S A GREAT SET-UP —
PRISONERS OPERATING
OUT OF A PRISON, LIVING
THE RICH LIFE ON LOOT
FROM ALL OVER THE
GALAXY.



IF ONLY SERGEANT SLAK
COULD HEAR THIS.

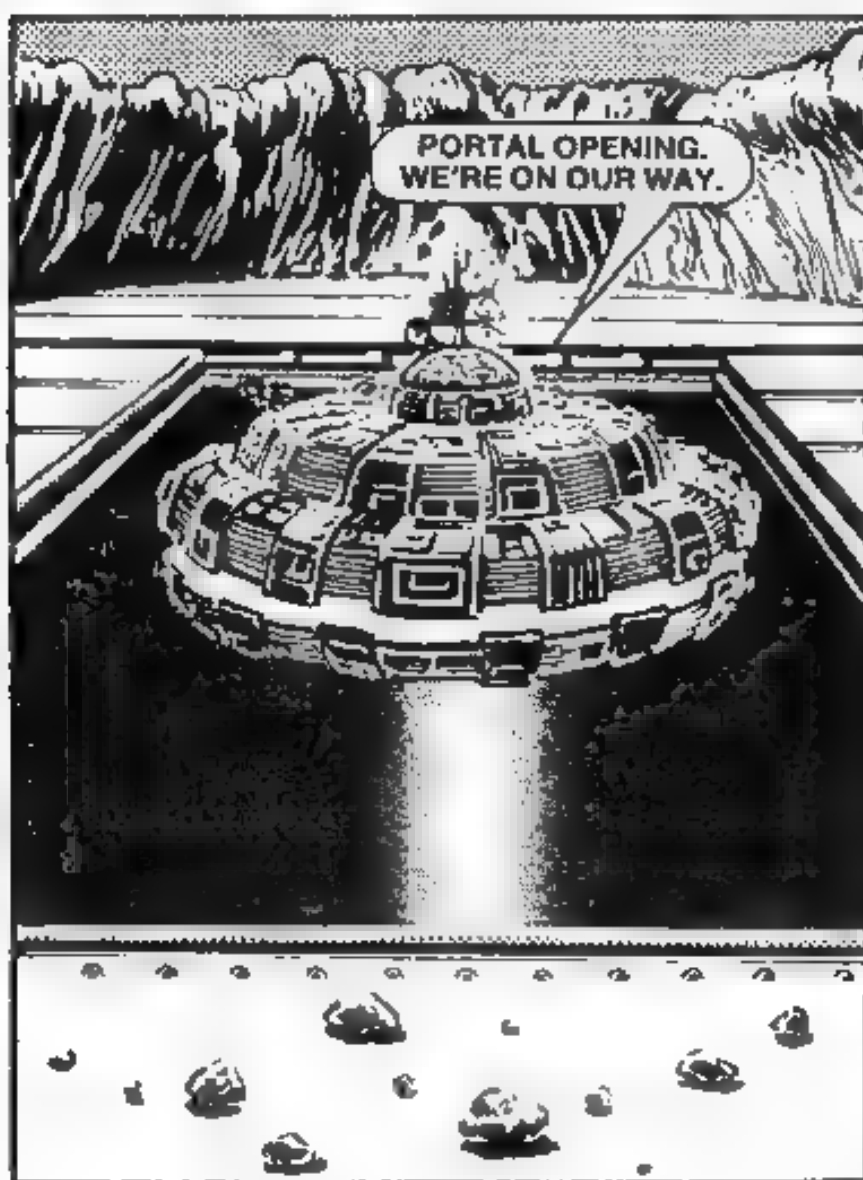


BETTER NOT MENTION
THIS IN MY REPORT.

ATTENTION! ALL
PERSONNEL ON THE KRINK-
ONE CAPER REPORT TO
DOCKING AREA.

GROK COMMENCED
ILLEGAL DUTY...

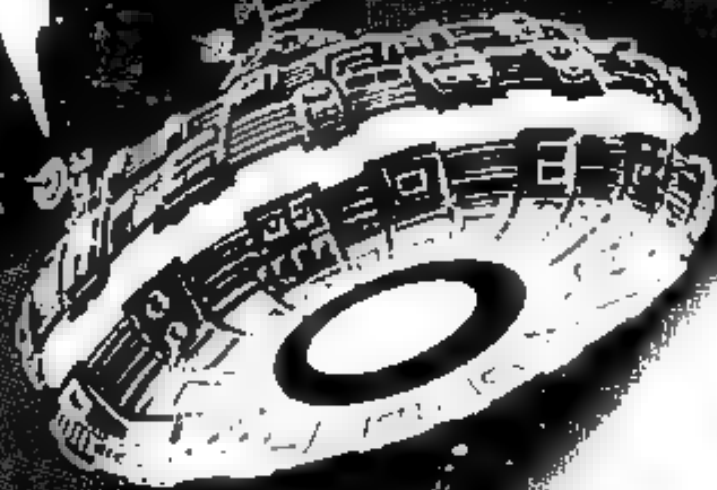
THE SHIP-BRAIN WOULDN'T
CONVERT FOR OUR
PURPOSE, BUDDY. WE HAVE
TO MAKE DO WITH A
COMPUTER AND MANUAL.



GROK TO BACK-UP.
DO YOU HEAR ME?

WHY DOESN'T HE ANSWER?
WHERE IS SERGEANT SLAK?

**WARP-MODE ACTIVATING!
ALL CREW TO PROCEED
INTO STATUS TANK.**



**SHIP NOW WARPING
INTO HYPERDRIVE.**



NOT FAR AWAY —

SHIP TO OFFICER ZERO.
DETECTION OF SPACE
VESSEL WARPING IN
VICINITY OF PENAL PLANET.

GET A READING FROM
THE PLANET'S
MONITOR UNITS.

MONITOR UNITS HAVE NO
RECORD OF ION-TRACK.

THEN IT CAN'T HAVE BEEN NEAR
ENDOFF AND IS NOTHING TO DO
WITH US.

THE PIRATE BROKE BACK INTO
STANDARD SPACE-AND-TIME.

THERE'S THE HIT, OLD
BUDDY — A DOME COLONY
MOST LIKELY TOO DIRT-
POOR TO HIRE SECURITY.
WE GIVE THEM A QUICK
BUZZ — AND THEY GIVE UP.



HI, FOLKS! THIS IS YOUR
NEIGHBOURHOOD
HARDWARE SALES
TEAM ON A HOUSE
CALL. YOU'LL NOTICE
WE HAVE A CUTE LINE
IN MESON CANNON.





AS CHAIRPERSON
OF THE
COMMUNITY, I
DEMAND TO KNOW
THE MEANING OF
THIS OUTRAGE.

BROTHER, THAT OUGHT
TO BE OBVIOUS.
KINDLY OPEN YOUR
DOCKING PORT.

A LANDING PARTY SHUTTLED DOWN
TOWING A BARGE...



TAKE CARE OF MY
BOYS, BROTHER.
REFLECT ON HOW OUR
MESON COULD
PUNCTURE YOUR
DOME AND LET IN THAT
FOUL VAPOUR YOU ARE
WORKING SO HARD TO
SEED INTO A LIFE-
SUPPORTING
ATMOSPHERE.

NO MINERAL OF ANY
VALUE AND THE
HYDROPONIC GARDEN
ISN'T GIVING OUT MUCH
PROTEIN, BO. WE'LL
HAVE TO MAKE DO
WITH A FEW BODIES.



A SMALL PROBLEM, BO.

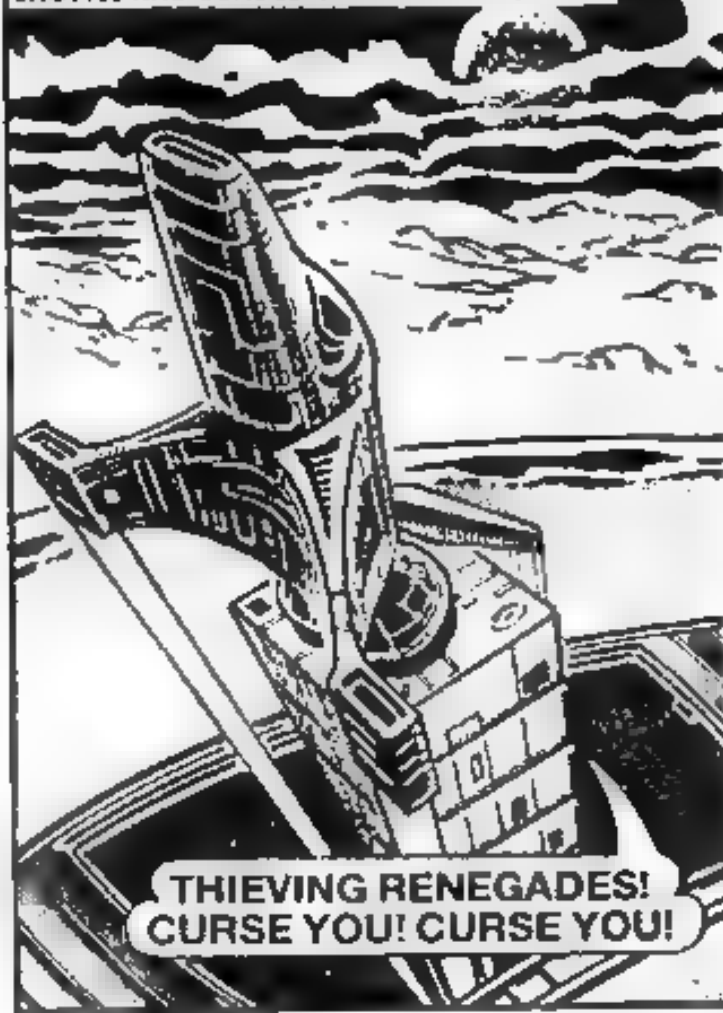
NO! NO! I'LL NOT LET YOU
ENSLAVE MEMBERS OF MY
FAMILY UNIT.



SOON SETTLED



SHUTTLE AND LOADED BARGE LIFTED OFF ...



THIEVING RENEGADES!
CURSE YOU! CURSE YOU!

KM 6

IHGF MOON

807

251

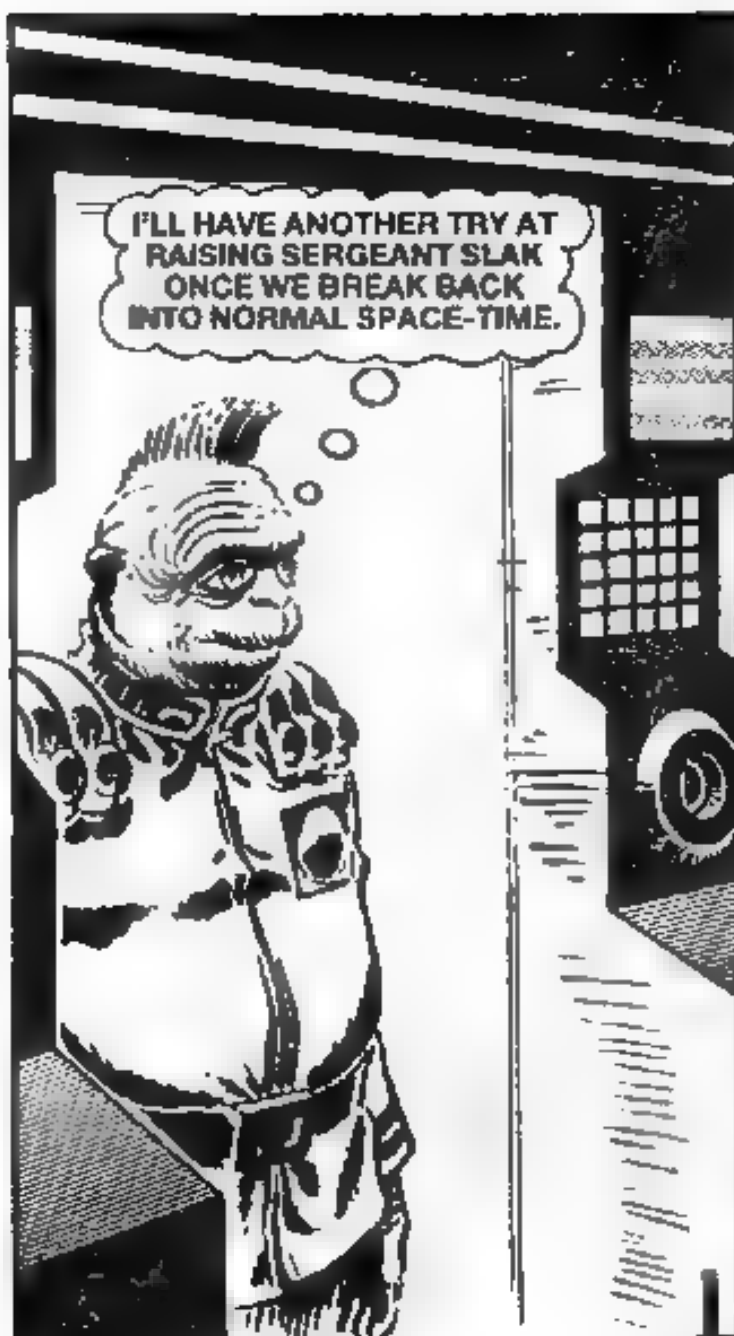
ZNSAT
FBA-RI

HARD TO UNDERSTAND THESE
HAYSEEDS, GROK. WE ROB THEM
REAL POLITE, NOT KILLING UNLESS
WE HAVE TO — YET THERE AIN'T
THE LEAST BIT OF GRATITUDE.

SOME FOLKS ARE JUST
PLAIN UNREASONABLE.

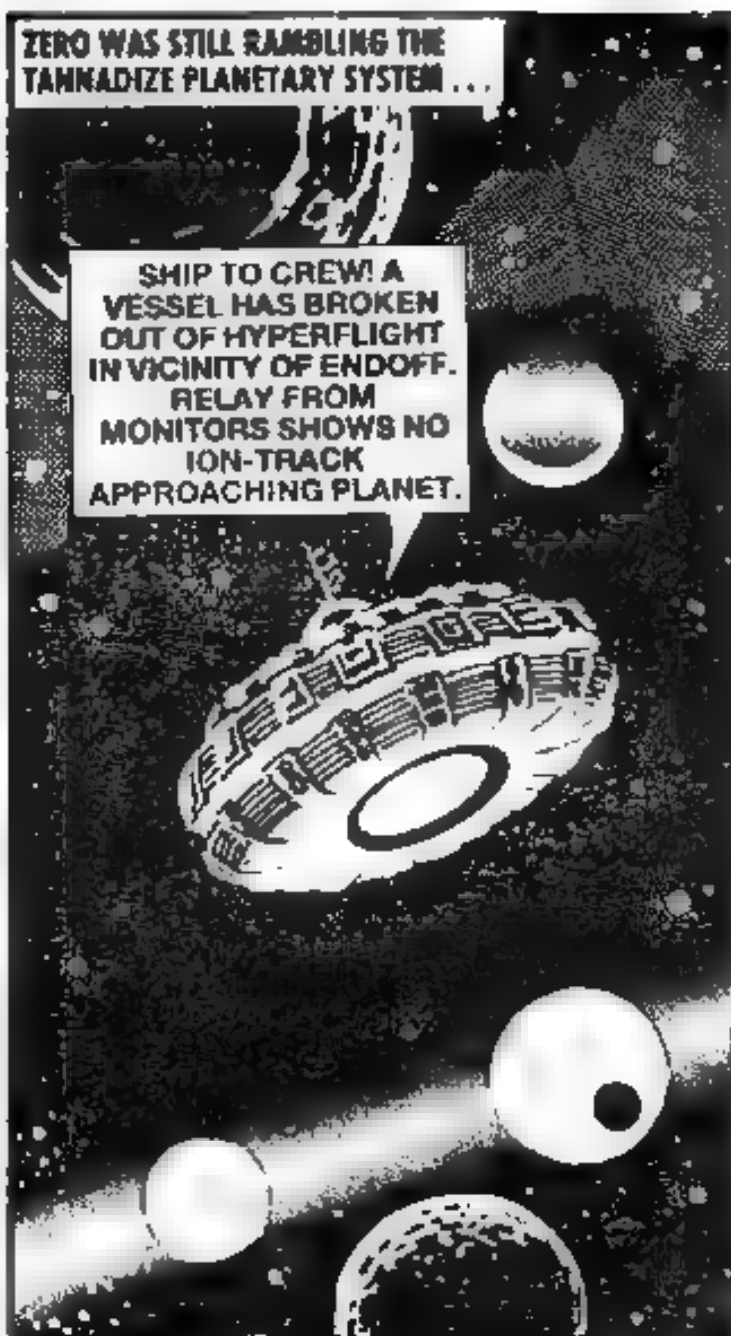
SHUTTLE DOCKED!
PORT SEALED!

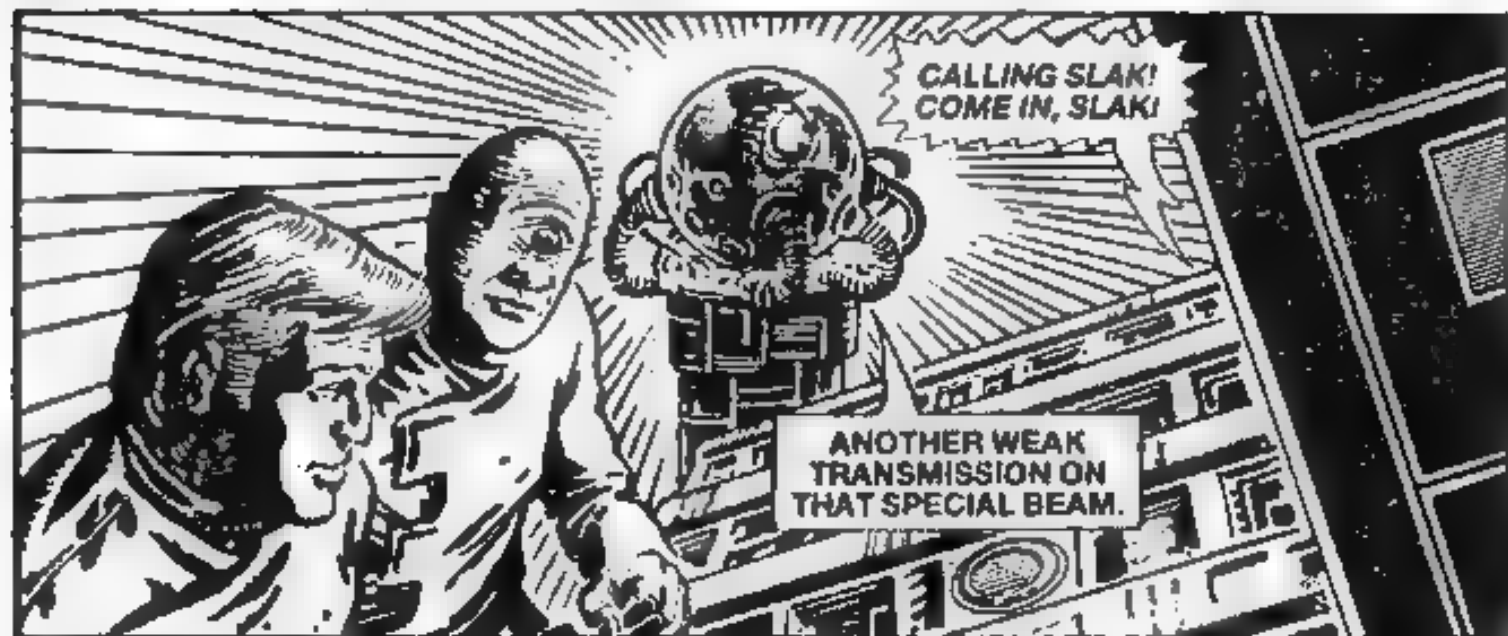
ALL PERSONNEL TO
STATIS TANKS. VESSEL
GOING INTO WARP-
MODE.




ZERO WAS STILL RAMBLING THE
TAMNADIZE PLANETARY SYSTEM...

SHIP TO CREW! A
VESSEL HAS BROKEN
OUT OF HYPERFLIGHT
IN VICINITY OF ENDOFF.
RELAY FROM
MONITORS SHOWS NO
ION-TRACE
APPROACHING PLANET.





ZERO LISTENED IN AMAZEMENT —

A black and white comic book panel showing two men in a control room. The man on the left is balding and looking down at a console. The man on the right has a mustache and is looking towards the first man. The console has various buttons and a circular dial.

**MY OLD PARTNER ENGAGED IN
PIRACY. I HAVE A CLEAR DUTY TO
LOOK INTO THIS AND TRY TO
SALVAGE SOMETHING FROM THE
WRECKAGE OF A ONCE GOOD COP.**

A black and white comic book panel showing a large, deep crater on a rocky, uneven surface. A circular hatch or opening is visible in the center of the crater. The surrounding terrain is rugged and rocky.

**GROK ENDING TRANSMISSION.
WE ARE COMING IN TO LAND.**

GROK LANDED TO A SURPRISE ...

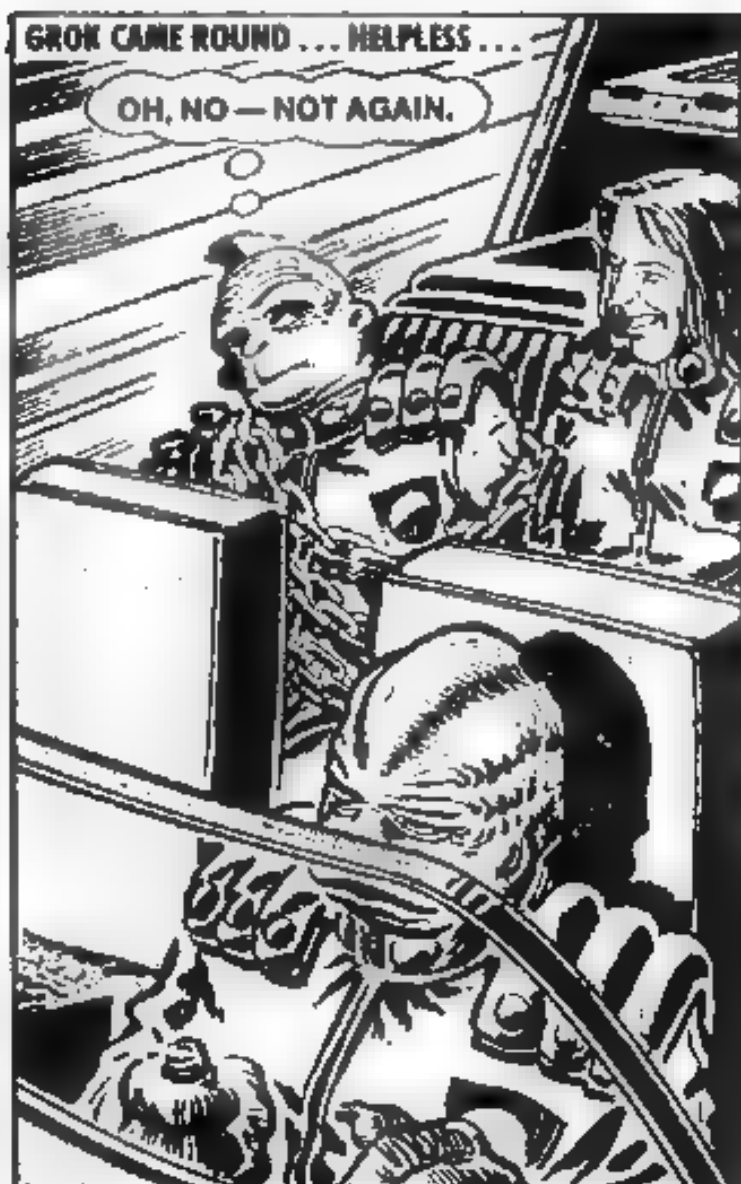
SLAK?? CROOKED!

BOYS, A FEDERATION COP
IS AMONG US, BUT A VERY
SPECIAL COP. WE HAVE HIM
TO THANK FOR THAT OLD
POLICE SHIP AND THE INFO
NEEDED TO CARRY OUT
RAIDS.

YOU RODENT —
URRGHH!

















MUST BE ZERO. MAYBE I CAN
ACTIVATE MY WART-CONTROL
WITH MY JAW BY KIND OF
TWISTING MY NECK.



YOU CAPELLAN BLOCKHEAD! DO
SOMETHING BEFORE THIS THING
SETTLES TO DINNER.

GROK, I'D LIKE TO HELP, BUT YOU
KNOW THE CONSERVATION LAWS
ABOUT HARMING PLANETARY
FAUNA.



GROK WAS PICKED UP ...


SO YOUR COURT MARTIAL
WAS FAKED TO PUT YOU
UNDERCOVER. GROK, I
KNEW IT ALL THE TIME. NOT
FOR AN INSTANT DID I LOSE
FAITH IN YOUR BASIC
DECENCY ...

ZERO, SHUT UP BEFORE I
CLOUT YOU WITH THIS
CHAIN.



THEY'RE COMING
AFTER US. PUT THIS
SHUTTLE ON MANUAL
AND I'LL TAKE
CONTROL.

I HOPE THAT IS A
REQUEST AND NOT AN
ORDER, GROK. I AM A
SENIOR PATROL
OFFICER NOWADAYS.




GROK MEANS TO USE MOON COVER. THEY CAN'T OUTRUN US, BUT A SHUTTLE IS BETTER AT DODGING.

MIGHT JUST GET THEM WITH A LONG SHOT, BROTHER SLAK.



MESON BLAST! CLOSE — BUT NOT CLOSE ENOUGH.



ANDY, WE NEED YOU TO PICK US
UP, BUT IT'S GOING TO BE
TRICKY. WE ARE HAVING A LITTLE
TROUBLE.

YOU WILL HAVE MORE
TROUBLE UNLESS YOU TURN
ABOUT. THAT HOSTILE VESSEL
IS ON OPPOSITE APPROACH
ROUND THE MOON.

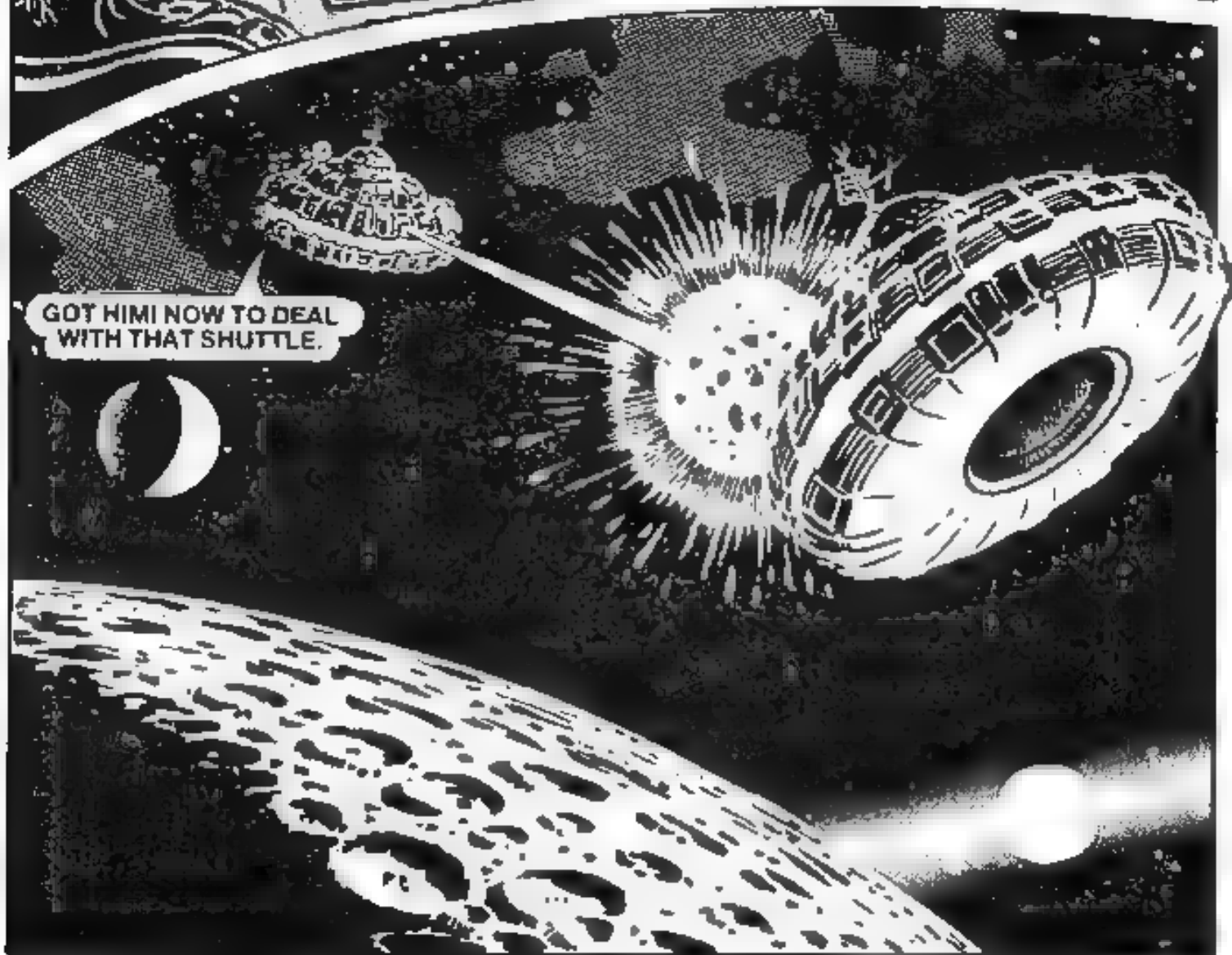


GROK MADE A SPEED TURN
— JUST IN TIME ...



BROTHER SLAK, WE
GOT COMPANY —
ANOTHER COP
PATROLLER.

THE FOOL'S GOT HIS ENERGY
SHIELD LOWERED. HE MUST
WANT TO TALK.



GROK AND ZERO DID SOME EVADING ...

ANDY DIDN'T EVEN
HAVE HIS SHIELD
RAISED. EVEN I KNOW
BETTER THAN THAT.

WELL, AT LEAST I APPEAR
TO HAVE TAUGHT YOU
SOMETHING DURING OUR
PARTNERSHIP.

OR SAT

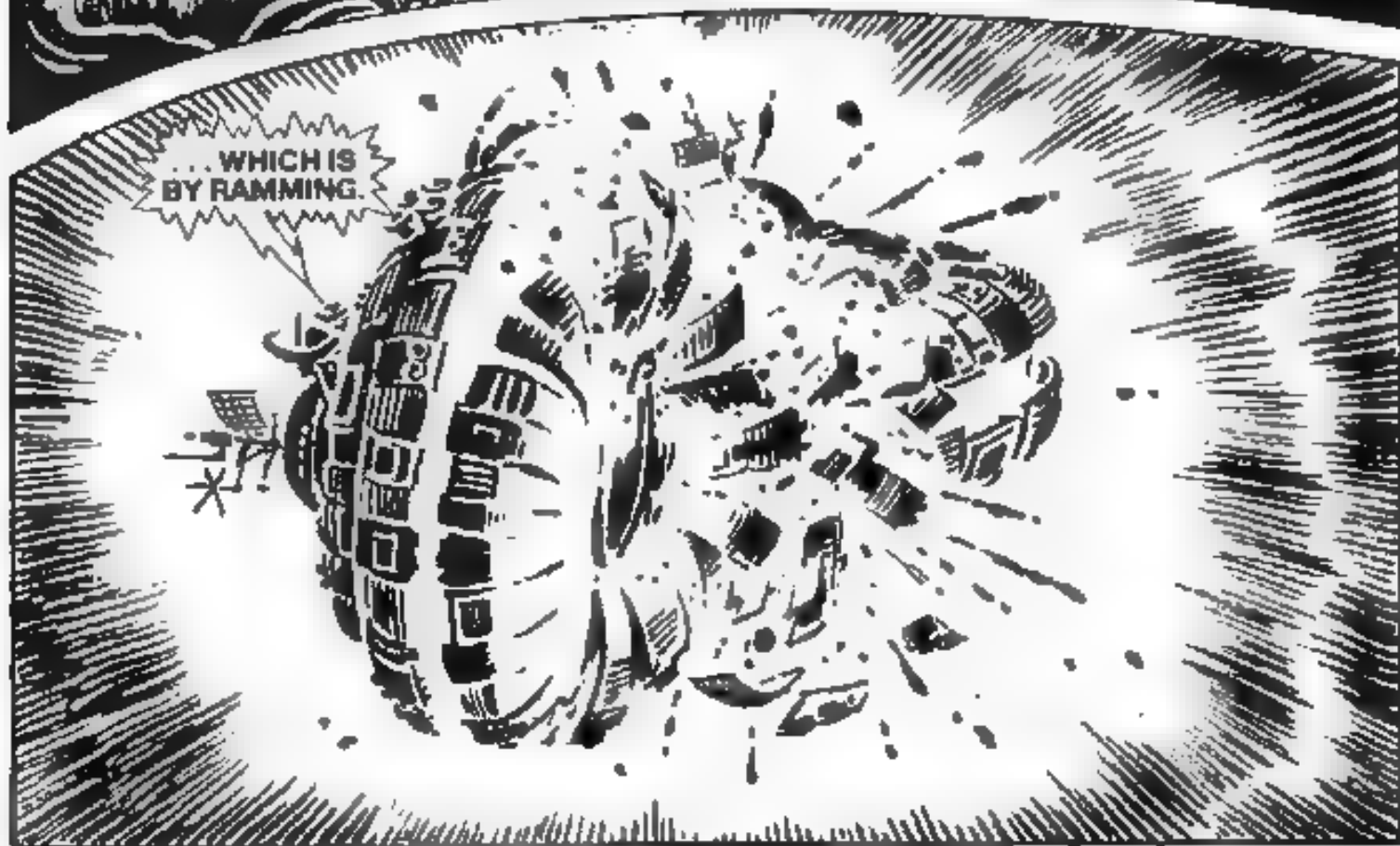
X SD

NEXT SHOT
SHOULD DO IT.
I'VE WORKED OUT
GROK'S PATTERN
OF EVASION.

IOV-KI
OPEN ORBIT

SHIP SCAN
REPORTING.
VESSEL COMING UP
ON OUR REAR.

IT'S THAT COP PATROLLER.
IT'S STILL OPERATIONAL AND
THAT CRAZY ANDROID'S
COMING AFTER US.





GOODBYE, PARTNER. YOU
SACRIFICED YOURSELF
FOR US.

ZERO, STOP DRIVELLING.
THAT ANDROID SIMPLY
REACTED TO HIS
PROGRAMMING. NOW LET'S
GET TO SLAK'S PATROLLER
AND REQUEST A TASK
FORCE TO TIDY THE MESS
DOWN ON BEASTWORLD.



Printed and Published in Great Britain by D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD.,
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**DON'T
MISS**

**THIS MONTH'S OTHER
ACTION-PACKED
ADVENTURE**

STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 28

28p



NOW ON SALE

BEASTWORLD

Found guilty of taking bribes, Grok is kicked out of the Federation Police in disgrace. His punishment is to be sent to Beastworld, the penal planet where the dregs of the galaxy are sent. It's no place for an ex-cop to make friends ...

